

ONE
B R O A D - S I D E
MORE FOR THE
D U T C H:
OR,
The Belgick Lion Couchant,

TMen quaff no more, thou drunken Jack-a-dandy,
Our English blood more spirit has than Brandy :
Have ye not Hearts to answer your design,
Until you get your Hogs-heads full of Wine ?
Know Brandy does into your Brains intrude
Rather a phrensie, than true Fortitude.
How did ye beg the Wind to fwell your Sail,
Trusting your Yard-arms, where your own Arms fail,
Your *Hogen Mogen* stood in desperate Need,
To send to *Ægypt* for a rotten Reed.
But stay ! Your Fleet, with our *Hamburger* Meets,
Sure to provide Ye of your winding Sheets :
Did Ye suppose (fond Swobs) the Mackrel loath
To dine on You, without a Table-Cloath ?
That fear was needless, they would feast on You ;
And take your Canvas for a Carpet too :
Sure Brawn will come to be a dainty Dish,
When Boars are made a banquet to the Fish.
Devils again have enter'd the Unclean,
And the herd's choakt in fight of *Gaderene* ;
Their Tops they Low'r, and their Top Gallants too,
No, *Hogen Mogen*, all are *Low-Dutch* Now.
Be what they will ? Twenty *Genevab* Sermons
Are never like to make us Cousin Germans.
Brag on, and boast still, yet the English slight Ye ;
Ye may be High, but sure Ye are not mighty.
He is too prodigal of fame that Rates
You other now, than poor *distressed States*.
Throw up the Cards, You see your Game is lost,
England has turn'd a *Trump* up to your Cost.

You the third Coat-Card, we the two best have,
And all Men know, the King will hang the Knave.
We see your tricks (*mine Heere*) and give you but
The leave to shuffel, 'cause we mean to Cut ;
To our advantage too : And to be plain,
If You deal false, then we will Cut again.
No, if You fight the prize with English men,
Your Admirals must play above Board then ;
Poor *Evertse* was doubly over-come,
First to be beat abroad, and then at home :
But what made *Trump* set up his *Hogen Broom* ?
Did he for Boots, or Shooes, or old Hats Come ?
Or if, to sweep the Channel (as some Say)
He may be set a work here every day.
The Broom is Chymnie proof ; get it but in,
And *Trump* may soon turn up a *Sooterkin*.
But (Swobbers) cease your high and mighty brags,
We need but Mackrel Boats, to take your Flags ;
We boast of Nothing (Lord of Hosts) but thee,
Whose only Goodness gave us Victory.
Our well tun'd Bells and Canons kept ev'n Ranks,
Whilst Bonfires were the Altars of our Thanks ;
The Boars had Bonfires too, as well as we,
Only ours were at home, but theirs at Sea :
Their fireships did in us no Terror strike ;
We were resolv'd to make them all alike :
Why should the Dutch our Colliars then Desire ?
They need no Coals to set their Ships afire :
Thanks to his Royal Highness *James* the Great,
And Brave Prince *Rupert* for this Grand Defeat :
Thanks to the Admirals, and all the Rest ;
Who all so Fought, as Every one fought Best.